

Listen.

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Listen.

by [gnftavi](#)

Summary

George was always slightly ashamed of his porn habits.

The occasional videos on twitter, various porn sites, and similar things were what he'd say if anyone asked. However, he never really ended up using any of those as material.

George found himself going back to one particular blog— one particular... *content* creator.

DreamWasTaken.

or, George is obsessed with an erotic audio creator. He's also obsessed with his hot neighbor, and to his surprise, they both seem to be quite similar.

Notes

HI THANK U GUYS FOR THE SUPPORT ON THE SNIPPETS I POSTED HOLY SHIT
I LOVE U

this was on my mind after i saw an inbox message on my fav audio porn blogger on tumblr and i just had to write it out. enjoy lmao.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George was always slightly ashamed of his porn habits.

The occasional videos on twitter, various porn sites, and similar things were what he'd say if anyone asked. However, he never really ended up using any of those as material.

George found himself going back to one particular blog— one particular... *content* creator.

DreamWasTaken. Nicknamed Dream.

He wasn't quite sure if Dream was a nickname, honestly, or an alias of some sorts. Of maybe someone was just strange enough to be named Dream. He never showed his face, just snippets of cropped shirtless mirror selfies from the shoulders down, the occasional self tied thighs, and audios. *God*, the audios. Just thinking about clicking on the little purple play buttons made his dick twitch.

Once George figured out that audio porn did it for him much more than visual porn, he had tried to listen to many other creators. There was nobody quite like Dreamwastaken.

Dream's titles never made him cringe, the descriptions always got him excited.

Half-awake and needy moans

Locked in the bathroom trying to be quiet

Titles like those never failed to grab George's attention and get the blood flowing.

It also helped that this Dream guy was incredibly interactive with his followers. Anonymous questions were answered every day, and George even sent in a couple of his own. Though they

were mostly just red, horny, tunnel visioned ramblings about what he'd do if he got the chance.

Your audios always get me sooo fucking hard, Dream. I'm so addicted to your voice, it's not even a joke anymore, I think about you all the time.

I want you to moan in my mouth as I ride you.

I want you to touch me until I'm begging for release.

I want to cry out your name.

Counting down the minutes 'till I get to go home and touch myself to your whimpers.

Dream's replies were usually short, but showed enough care and interest that they left George craving the man even more.

There was but a glint of moonlight seeping in through the shades on George's small bedroom window, the deep blue sky lit up with quite a few stars. It was raining earlier, and stray cold drops still clung to the glass. A beautiful night for such a sinful act to take place.

The clock was too obscured by darkness to read, but it was okay. A quick glance at his phone showed that it was only slightly past midnight.

George's earbuds found their way into his ears, past the way too long tufts of messy hair that covered them. Once connected, George was quick to find the familiar blog in his favorites tab—the dark green background and warm, inviting golden tinted text was easy on his eyes that had adjusted to the dark.

Muffled moans and orgasm

It was the newest audio Dream had. George had already listened to it twice at work, chair tucked far under his desk to hide the painful erection he got.

One more quick tap, and George's ears were filled with Dream.

A soft, milky sigh that echoed off bathroom tile flooded George's earbuds, followed by a hitched breath, and soon, he found himself making a similar sound.

George let a hand dip below the elastic band of his boxers, tugging them down with his right hand as the left palmed at his feverishly throbbing dick. He was soon exposed, leaning his back against the wall at the head of the mattress rubbing himself slow and steady.

The small gasps in his ears grew slightly higher in pitch before stopping momentarily. George knew the feeling all too well— the desperation of chasing your high that makes you hold your breath, as if begging your own self for release. The slick sound of Dream's lubed fingers filled the gap, a quick rustling of sheets against skin proving just how needy he was.

God, this audio was so fucking good.

George picked up his speed as Dream's breathy moans became more audible, the crackle in the back of his throat as he choked back tears of desperation making George moan himself. He made no effort to hide his sounds, and he could only hope the walls weren't too thin.

A quick hand squirted a string of lube over the reddened tip of George's cock, and it was rubbed in with a grip that nearly turned him purple.

He was just as needy as Dream was.

Dream's closed mouth whines soon began spilling past his audibly tight pursed lips, the sultry moans louder in his ears as his hand worked faster and faster. George followed his relentless pace, letting his mouth hang open as little whimpers escaped and mingled with the intentionally placed moans. Dream would hold his sounds back, let them die out in his throat, and George would compliment him with a particularly high, drawn out moan.

It was like music, George thought. Slutty, slutty music.

Dream choked back a moan, his shaky voice scratchily coming out to mingle with the dirty little whimpers that obscured his words.

“O-oh fuck... fuck, fuck, *fu-uck*...” Dream moaned out the curses, “*Fuck*.”

George couldn’t help himself. He knew how the audio went already— he’d listened to it multiple times, after all.

“What’s wrong, baby?” George found himself asking out loud to no one in particular, words slurring into a needy mixture of dirty talk and moans.

“You feel *so good*.” Dream breathed close to the microphone, and George swore he was getting dizzy from how hot he was feeling, “I-I’m gonna cum too soon...”

When Dream whined needy and long, George thrustured up into his palm with reckless abandon. Eyes screwed shut as his moans became less controlled as well, naturally spilling out from deep the pooling heat in his stomach.

“I’m g-gonna fucking cum.” Dream gasped, breath catching in his throat as he held back another strangled moan.

“Cum for me, baby,” George breathed out, “Fill me up, *oh my god*, cum for me...”

Dream’s breathing became ragged, louder and louder high pitched moans fell from his lips and into George’s ears.

“*O-oh* my god... I have to be quiet,” Dream chuckled shakily, but it soon was overwhelmed by an uncontrolled whine, “H-have to be fucking *ah*— quiet.”

That didn’t stop Dream, though. It didn’t stop his ever increasing gasps, nor did it slow the rate at which George’s slick palm worked rubbing up and down his leaking cock.

George imagined Dream— or, what he could piece together from the snippets of photos he had posted in the past. He imagined the man with tan skin covered in freckles that stretched perfectly over his lean muscles. Imagined those muscles moving under his skin as he used those beautiful hands of his to jerk himself off in the privacy of his bathroom.

Dream's dick, wet and throbbing and red hot as it leaked beads of precum down to mix with lube, strong fingers gripping the veined shaft with a desperation that threatened to make it burst. Boy, was *that* something to think about.

A sudden stutter in Dream's breathing meant he was just about ready to spill over, and George was ready to meet him with his own orgasm. The pair's silence was filled with both of their slick, wet sounds as they desperately pumped their dicks, chasing their climaxes.

It was very clear when Dream finally came; his breathing into the microphone was mixed with weak whines and pleas to *make me feel good*. He rubbed himself softly through his climax, the lubricant's sticky sounds slowing down.

George's orgasm was much louder—he didn't have to worry about noise levels, anyways. He let himself go with a long string of curses and moans, flowing from out of his stomach as his eyes rolled back.

Maybe it was the fact that George had been waiting all day, but his climax hit him fast, leaving him out of breath and desperately stroking his cock to draw out as much pleasure as he could. His thin black shirt was painted with streaks of his white cum, but he couldn't seem to bring himself to care.

In the hazy moments after George's orgasm, he heard the audio click off, leaving his ears empty and his chest aching. The earbuds were slowly removed and placed on the nightstand, as well as his phone. George tugged the shirt off over his head carefully, using the back side to half assedly wipe himself clean before tossing it into the dirty laundry pile along with his boxers.

Sleep soon engulfed George's mind, encroaching into every one of his thoughts of Dream until they were nothing but distant memories of slutty sounds.

The memories never fully subsided, though. They writhed in the deepest crevices of George's subconscious, revealing themselves in the form of suffocatingly steamy dreams. Hazy, clouded visions of heat and skin and muffled moans intruded George's mind until morning sun finally crept in through the shades where the moonlight once fell.

George woke with a start, the soft guitar of his phone alarm shaking him awake. His eyes strained as he fumbled around the nightstand for the device, slapping the screen with shaky, tired fingers to silence the god awful sound.

The night had passed so quickly, George barely felt rested. Heavy eyelids threatened to close at any moment as George cradled his phone sleepily in his palms, scrolling absentmindedly through notifications that were once hidden by do not disturb.

A couple of instagram likes, a missed call from a friend that didn't bother to leave a message, and a couple blog notifications from the infamous Dream.

Most were the typical reposts of past audios and posts from the day prior, answering dirty questions with dirtier responses, photos of his BDSM test result, rice purity score, and a couple other similar things. Nothing too surprising for George— he had seen them all before. They were reposts, after all.

One new post caught his attention, though. It was a new audio.

Strange. Dream had just posted yesterday, and he wasn't due for another upload until the end of the month...

Jerking off to my neighbor's moans

Oh, this one will be good.

George scrolled a bit to read Dream's caption. It was full of his usual emojis and had already amassed nearly a thousand likes and reposts.

DreamWasTaken:

*My neighbor was being reeeally loud with his moans last night, and I couldn't help myself haha
he just sounded so pretty. My mic didn't pick up his sounds, but I guess it's
for the better LOL*

Enjoy this quick audio ♥

George smirked. It was like Dream knew exactly how to push all of his buttons at once. George could only hope and pray to any god that would listen that Dream had somehow read his mind last night.

Though he wanted to listen right away, George knew his day was only just beginning, and unless he wanted to use the six minute audio right away, he'd have to save it. So with reluctant fingers and a half hard dick in his pants, George continued to scroll.

The next couple posts were inbox replies, mostly thanking Dream for uploading again so soon.

Anonymous:

😊😊OMG I love you! You're literally the best!

Anonymous:

hooooly shit thats so hot i wouldnt b able to control myself either i wish i was ur neighbor

Anonymous:

You should knock on his door next time you hear him lmaoooo maybe he'll get a kick out of finding out you're getting off to his sounds.

Dream's reply to the last one made George's cock strain against his palm that somehow found its way down to the thin fabric below. Just the thought alone churned George's head, making him dizzy where he sat from the heat rising.

DreamWasTaken:

omg! maybe I will next time

maybe he's touching himself to my audios 🤔

George let his imagination wander as his thumb absentmindedly brushed over the growing precum

stain in his boxers and fuck, he was definitely going to need to use that audio before getting ready for work.

After bundling up in the softest work appropriate sweater he owned, George was off. He needed to be in early, despite his pleas with his manager to give him a later shift. Stepping into the cold hallway of his apartment building was the hardest part of going to work at the ass crack of dawn, and it was worsened by the face George was met with when he walked out the door.

George locked eyes with his neighbor. The beautiful, blond, green eyed, man who lived so close, yet was a complete stranger. He didn't even know the guy's name, let alone anything about him.

The only thing he *did* know was how hot he always looked.

Today was no different— his dark grey sweater had a paler grey collared shirt underneath, and his pants matched almost perfectly. He seemed unfazed by the cool chill that settled suffocatingly heavily on their chests as the warmth of George's apartment faded with the click of his lock.

"You're up early." The blond pulled his lips into a fond smile, his voice more and more familiar with each sentence he let fall from his mouth like warm honey, "Good morning."

Though he wouldn't admit it, George always filled in the gaps of Dream's cropped photos with his neighbor's features, and damn, did they fit so perfectly.

"Good morning." George chuckled softly, waving a chilled hand that was practically covered by his sleeve.

"You going to work?" The man asked as his fingers carded through wavy locks of hair, pushing them out of the way.

"Yeah. Got stuck with an early shift, so, you know..." George trailed off. He had never been one to share too many personal details.

The blond hummed. His eyes fell to scan the rest of George's face, and George swore he could have melted on the spot. His cheeks heated up, and he hoped he could blame the redness on the chilly air.

"What are *you* doing awake so early?" George questioned.

"Hmm, so pushy." His tone lowered, teasing as his hands worked with something George couldn't make out, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

He even *sounded* like Dream sometimes. It was infuriating.

George needed to get out of there before he popped another boner.

"I'm just joking around." The taller laughed, "I'm trying to set up these decorations, but I really can't untangle these lights..."

That... scary amalgamation of wires and coiling splotches of brown and green was... a set of string lights?

The blond seemed to find the end of the strand, but quickly lost it as it fell back into the mess of wires. His fingers made hasty work digging into the ball and feeling around, and George's mind wandered back to an inbox message he sent Dream, and the response he got.

It was right after Dream had posted a set of hand pictures, his veins popping out just the slightest bit, a set of thin decorative rings on his ring and middle finger, and chipped black nail polish.

GeorgeeeeHD:

Oh my god, Dream, the things I'd let you do to me with those hands! All I can think about is your perfect fingers spreading me open and stretching my poor little hole until I'm ready to take your big dick all up inside of me <3

DreamWasTaken:

george, you have a way with words that always leave me sooo fucking horny



I wish I could fingerfuck you into the mattress, baby

George watched his neighbor's fingers tug and pull idly at strands of thick wire, thumb hooking around the tangled mess as his index and middle finger chased the plug end of the lights deep into the mess. A strange sensation rose in George's stomach as he saw the way his fingers twisted and scissored their way through the growing hole in the wire-y ball. George was all too familiar with that strange feeling...

He laughed. A long hearty laugh that echoed down the long hall of heavy doors and dull carpet. Anything to distract himself from the nearly uncontrollable desires he was brewing.

"Well, I hope you get it sorted, then." George turned quickly, "Good luck."

George really hoped he did, because if he came home and his neighbor was still fingering that set of lights like he wished Dream would do to him, he wasn't sure what he'd do.

—

If George wasn't afraid of losing his job, he would have ran to the bathroom and whipped out his dick multiple times throughout the day, and if he wasn't scared of being charged with public indecency, he would have jerked off in the parking lot. Thinking about Dream and his neighbor all day was tiring, and it made him dizzy from all the blood rushing below his belt.

So George was doing everything in his power to race home and into his bedroom where he could be at peace with his thoughts and let off a bit of steam.

Being back in the familiar cold hallway was almost comforting, because it meant George was that much closer to being home. A quick glance at his neighbor's door answered the question that had been nagging him silently; he finally untangled the lights.

Around the doorframe was a string of orange lights all lit up, plus a small wreath of twigs and orange leaves hung up, framing the doorbell nicely. Below it was a little wooden sign that said "Happy Halloween" in sketchy handwriting. Right next to the words were little ghosts painted crudely in white paint. It was cute.

Not quite cute enough to get George to abandon his one task at hand, though. After a few moments of staring at the cute decorations, George produced his key from his pocket and rammed his way through the door into his almost steamingly hot apartment.

Oh, how good the heat felt on his frozen face and hands.

George's keys were abandoned on a small table by the door, along with his shoes and pants, leaving him in the oversized sweater that hung just above the ends of his boxers, but those were soon pulled aside as well. The release of his dick from its tight prison of elastic and denim was euphoric.

Flopping down on the couch, George let himself slouch against the back cushions, absentmindedly toying with his cock as it leaned against his stomach.

Finally.

A sultry sound left George's throat as a wave of red hot pleasure washed over his body with the small touches he allowed himself. More and more spilled from his lips once his imagination started wandering.

Dream. Dream.

Dream's hands— no, *his neighbor's* hands over his body, grabbing and holding and pinching skin and electrifying him with feathery fingers. The thought of the anonymous blogger walking in on him in such a vulnerable state...

A particularly loud moan died in his throat as he jumped, a loud knock echoing through his living room.

Fuck.

George stuffed his dick back into his boxers with shaky fingers, painfully readjusting the hard shaft to rest as flat as possible before standing. He took a couple wobbly steps as the room spun.

“C-coming!” George yelled, voice cracking slightly.

A handful more clumsy strides and George had reached the door, cracking it just the slightest bit to see who stood on the other side. It was...

His neighbor. Of course.

Blood rushed through his ears, making them ring and nearly drowned out the man’s voice.

“Hi.” George snapped back to his senses fast, “What, uh... How can I help you?”

The blond was tall— much taller than George remembered. Maybe it was because they were closer together. His face was a light pink, and his clothes from earlier were replaced with a cute set of pajamas; a white tee that hung loosely off his frame, flannel pants, and a pair of slides. He looked adorable.

“I-I, uh...” He chuckled softly, rubbing at the back of his neck, “Um... well, you see...”

George let the man take his time. He was obviously a bit nervous, and so was George, though George was for a completely different reason. He shifted slightly, hiding his barely covered legs away from the coldness of the hallway. The tall blond seemed to glance down at the movement, face erupting into a bright red when he saw how little George had on.

“Sorry, sorry.” He turned his face up, taking a deep and ragged breath that made his shoulders shutter, “It’s just... I can hear you through the walls. When you, uh... you know.”

It was George’s turn to go red. His fingers idly tapped the doorknob, keeping him grounded to this moment. This agonizing moment.

“O-oh, I’m so sorry, I had no idea.” George apologized over and over, “Really, I’m sorry. I’ll keep it down—”

“No!” The blond interrupted.

George’s brows raised. His breath caught in his chest, anticipating the man’s next words. They took a while to come, his muttering and nervous laughter keeping him from speaking for a long minute.

“I meant... no, don’t worry about being quiet for me.” He finally let his eyes rest on George’s face once more, “I... I like your sounds.”

The world screeched to a halt. George felt his chest constrict tightly, threatening to crack his ribs as the wind was blown from his lungs. The neighbor he was pining over since he moved in, the man who he stared at through the peephole when he left his home, the man that reminded him so much of his favorite audio creator...

Had just said he likes the way he moans.

George sputtered over words. He wasn’t even exactly sure what he was trying to say. ‘Thank you’? ‘I think you’re hot too’?

“I’m sorry, that sounds... weird. I didn’t mean to, like... overstep anything, I-I just...” The blond cursed under his breath. It reminded George of Dream.

His neighbor continued, “I’m sorry. I... I posted about it on my blog the other night, and someone said I should... It sounds stupid now...” He chuckled, “Someone said I should confront you about it... ‘n see what you’d say. I’m sorry.”

He posted about him... about his moans through the wall...

It seemed all too familiar.

“I-I’m sorry, can I ask...” George swayed, holding onto the doorknob for dear life, “D-Dream..?”

The man’s face went white for a moment before blossoming back into its bright red. His eyes widened, the deep green irises staring down at George so intensely, George was afraid they’d fall

right out. His reaction confirmed George's sneaking suspicion.

"H-how did you..."

George felt like he was about to pass out.

He was Dream's neighbor. *The Dream*. The Dream that made an entire audio of himself jerking off because he heard George from his apartment.

Holy shit.

Holy shit.

"I-I'm George." George had a nervous smile creeping up on the corners of his lips, "George HD. That's me."

"George?" His neighbor— Dream replied, jaw hanging open.

"You think my... moans are pretty?" George changed the subject quickly, eyes batting long eyelashes up at Dream's flustered face.

Dream stopped his nervous fidgeting and stared down at George. The green of his eyes seemed to hold a fire behind them as they ravished the sight of George in front of him. The man who sent so many provocative messages that left him with uncomfortably tight pants nearly every day.

"I do." Dream said softly, voice teetering into dangerous territory. He sounded a lot like he did in his posts...

George shivered.

"You sounded like you were pretty busy just now." Dream teased as his head tilted, "Did you maybe... want any help with that?"

George let out a pathetic sound— something between a whine and a plea. He felt the tent in his boxers becoming much more uncomfortable and unbearable, and a quick glance down to Dream's waist proved he had a similar problem.

Wordlessly, George stepped aside, opening the door just wide enough to let Dream into the apartment. Dream obliged, and after a couple steps inside, the door was shut behind him.

As soon as the door had closed, Dream was all over George. His small frame was pushed against the heavy door with Dream's body pressed against his. One of Dream's hands rested on the door beside his head, and the other cupped George's jaw as he pressed forward and kissed him with a passion that left George's knees weak.

George's head was spinning and the world was dying in his very arms as he wrapped them around Dream's torso, feeling up his warm sides and back through the thin fabric of his shirt.

Dream's lips parted from George's briefly before he dove down, pressing wet, swollen lips against George's neck and collarbone, periodically stopping to bite down roughly on the delicate skin. George knew he'd be absolutely riddled with bruises by the time this was over, but he couldn't bring himself to care.

Dream parted for only a moment to rip the sweater George wore off from over his head. He sucked on George's collarbone and shoulders and chest like it was his last meal, leaving nothing but dark red and purple raised marks across the wide expanse of his lightly freckled pale skin. George was putty in his hands, helplessly writhing and gripping softly onto Dream's soft hair as his mouth hung open wide, little whimpers escaping with each stinging bite.

George was the one to pull Dream out of his frenzy, tugging the blond's head up from where it started to trail bites dangerously far down. Dream stared at him with a lust in his eyes that could have made George pass out if he wasn't being held against the wall.

"D-Dream..." George breathed, cradling the boy's face in his hands as he desperately licked long thick stripes up his neck, "Can we— *ah*, go to the bed, at least?"

Dream smiled against his skin. A couple of quick directions later and Dream dropped George on his back on the messy comforter. George was barely allowed to get acclimated to the change of setting before his mind was turned to mush again by Dream's touches.

A warm, firm hand gripped at George's cock underneath the waistband of his boxers, the other hand pulling the garment off completely. Dream's fingers worked wonders around the throbbing dick, making George leak quite a bit of precum into a small pool on his stomach. Soft, whiny moans bubbled up from George's stomach, and they seemed to just egg Dream on.

"*Fuck*, you sound so much better here in the same room as me." Dream sighed out, "So, so pretty."

George bucked his hips up a bit, chasing the perfect friction Dream was giving him.

"Y-you do too..." George stuttered, "You— *ah*, feel better, too. Better than I could have imagined."

"You have no idea how much I longed for you, George." Dream slowly slid his shirt off over his head, tossing it aside, "Every time you sent a message, I craved you so bad. I just wanted to find you and ravish you, keep you all to myself and *use you* over and over."

George's eyes rolled. His back arched slightly as he rolled his hips forward to get Dream to keep jerking him off, but to no avail. Dream let go of his cock, leaving it throbbing and helpless against his stomach.

Dream instead leaned down to hover over George's face, lips pressed close against the shell of his ear.

"Where's your lube, baby?"

George hastily pointed to the nightstand, mumbling the word "drawer." Dream leaned back, reaching to pull out the tall, thin bottle of clear liquid, but the contents of the drawer caught his eye.

An assortment of different colored vibrators, a couple of neon dildos in different sizes, and even a few toys Dream had no idea what they could be used for were scattered amongst the lube bottle, and he produced one of the dildos to taunt George. He held it up, the clear silicone catching the light as it flopped slightly.

“If this is all you’ve been using to practice for me, I’m afraid you might not be able to handle my cock, Georgie.” Dream teased.

All George could do was moan in response, his thighs closing slightly in embarrassment.

Dream tossed the fake cock into the drawer once more, slamming it shut. The lube was quickly spread onto his fingers, and before George knew it, Dream was between his legs, holding his thighs open with a bruisingly tight grip.

One of Dream’s lubed up fingers made its way between George’s cheeks, pressing against his tight pink hole. George pressed down onto it, feeling the digit pass the band of muscle around his entrance.

“Hmm, someone’s a needy little slut.” Dream commented.

George whined, letting Dream push the finger all the way in and adjust to the feeling before curling it a bit. It was like he knew exactly where to go— within seconds, Dream was making George moan uncontrollably as his finger pad poked and prodded at the sweet spot inside of him. After a couple more strokes, Dream slowly added in a second finger, then a third.

His fingers moved on their own, curling when they got deep enough to brush against his prostate and stretching apart to make George whimper at the pressure. Soon, George couldn’t even form words, strings of high pitched moans and broken curses passing his lips with the brutally fast pace Dream set.

Dream didn’t let up, though. He fucked George relentlessly with his fingers as he crouched between the boy’s legs with a hunger for his skin.

A quick kiss to George’s thigh turned into a longer one, then a bite that was soft at first before fading into a harsh sucking. George gasped, a hand burying itself in Dream’s hair as his arm worked tirelessly to stretch George’s hole out.

Dream sucked a couple more marks dangerously close to George’s cock, watching it twitch and leak with each touch.

“D-Dream— please, *ah!* I-I’m gonna cum, please, Dream...” George practically yelled out,

sputtering pleas and soft moans, “P-please let me cum, Dream.”

In a flash, Dream’s fingers were pulled out, the warmth of his face leaving its spot next to his dick. George writhed and whined, grinding his hips to try and find something to help him bring about his orgasm that was so, *so* fucking close.

“Ah, ah,” Dream’s voice was low, “Not until I get to be inside you, sweetheart.”

George whined a complaint, but it was lost when Dream pulled his pants down, revealing his cock, thick and leaking and just as hard as George was. Judging by the damp stain on the front of Dream’s boxers, and the strained moan he held back when he finally touched his dick, George knew neither of them would be able to last very long.

While George stared at the cock in front of him, hungry and needy, Dream lubed himself up quickly. Within moments, he was pressing the tip against George’s entrance and without warning, he slipped in.

All the fingers inside him from before did wonders to loosen him up, Dream was able to slide all the way in with practiced ease, though once he bottomed out so deep inside, George tightened around him.

“*Holy shit*, baby,” Dream moaned out, low whines escaping, “You’re so fucking hot.”

Dream didn’t hold back at all— he let himself moan long and loud as his dick rested deep inside of George. George’s spine tingled, hot desire pooling uncontrollably in his stomach as Dream began to fuck him.

And *oh boy*, could he fuck.

He started right up as soon as he felt George get used to his size. Dream’s hips snapped forward, producing an incredibly slutty sound from deep in George’s throat. It surprised the both of them, and Dream continued his rough strokes, forcing more and more dirty sounds from George.

Dream’s noises filled the room in stereo, and it was so much better than any audio could have been. He felt himself losing his mind as Dream fucked him into the mattress, vision full of swirling stars and blurry visions of Dream’s strained moans.

“You feel so fucking good tightening around me, babe.” Dream whimpered, chuckling a bit “I-I think I’m gonna cum...”

Within moments after his sentence, Dream’s hips stuttered and he gasped, gripping at George’s waist as tight as he could to pull George onto his dick over and over, chasing pleasure until he threw his head back and let out a beautifully strangled moan that sent him over the edge.

George didn’t get the chance to give a warning like Dream did. Feeling Dream release his hot, thick cum deep inside him as his cock throbbed against his prostate was the final straw. George’s already blurry vision turned white as his dick made his hips twitch upwards, shooting hot ribbons of cum across his chest. George’s hands found Dream’s shoulders, pulling his sweaty body close as they both rode out their orgasms.

When George finally came to, Dream was still panting heavily, shallow, involuntary thrusts making the cum inside of him seep out slowly onto the bed.

“Fuck, Dream.” George breathed out. He could feel Dream’s heartbeat against his skin.

“You’re so fucking *hot*, George.” Dream whispered, whining as he finally pulled out, “You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to do that.”

“Oh, believe me, I know.”

Dream extended an arm, helping George to sit up carefully.

“Come on, baby.” Dream sounded soft, “Let’s get you cleaned up, ‘n then I’ll be on my way.”

“Don’t go.” George gripped tight, “Please.”

Dream’s face was gentle, warm, and softened when George pleaded. He really did have a soft spot for the brunet.

“Okay. I’ll stay.”

End Notes

WOOOOOO :)

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love u <3

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